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means of livelihood. Mr. Hall shows that none of these inheres in farming, but that upon only a small piece of land, a moderate family can live with greater comfort, independence, and enjoy greater conveniences than in the city. It is good reading for the general reader; and in so far as it suggests an opportunity for freedom and independence to sufferers from the overcrowding and pinching competition of the cities, it is a valuable contribution to sociological literature.

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INTO THE NIGHT: A STORY OF NEW ORLEANS. By Frances Nimmo Greene. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.

New Orleans, always a romantic city, furnishes the setting; and members of the Mafia whose murder of Chief of Police Hennessey, and their execution at the hands of the people, in the early nineties, furnish the suggestion of a plot for the story contained in this book. But the plot is rather crudely worked out; the situations appear strained, and the writer seems not to have imbibed the true spirit of New Orleans, nor to have made the best use of the materials selected for the story. Nor is the reader able at the end of the book to see what application the title has to the story.

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THE ETHICS OF PROGRESS. By Charles P. Dole. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.

Ethics, as usually written about, are either dry metaphysics or dilute goody-good platitudes of advice. To turn such platitudes into philosophy and philosophy into poetry, is something like a North-Pole feat. But the author has achieved it, or as nearly achieved it as popular culture will at present permit. What his argument lacks in technical closeness and the clinch of inevitable inference, it has gained by lucidity of style, and apt and familiar illustration. An aristocrat in the quality of his thought, he is a democrat in manner, and would rule the minds he writes for, by serving them. He washes the feet of his disciples. You read the successive chapters with a sense of entertainment that forgets the depth of the problems they deal with — such problems, for in-

stance, as: What is happiness; the nature of freedom; and the religion of morality. So clear do the waters seem, so gentle the breezes that waft along, that you mistake the mid-ocean voyage for a holiday cruise.

Perhaps this is the fault as well as the peculiar merit of the book. There is not enough of cloud and storm in its world-weather. The pilot credits his passengers with too much ability to see blue skies above all transient darkenings, blue skies everywhere and forever. The darkenings are there nevertheless — too fierce, too wild, too disastrous to be whistled away by an optimistic cheer that does not feel their danger. Yet optimistic every philosophy must be that believes in the unity of Thought as the necessary unity of any Universe it can think; since goodness is but another name for truth, and truth another name for reason; man's reason being thus identified with the Reason of the Universe, which underwrites all his rational demands upon it. *The Good Will of the Universe*, our author calls it, as an ethical name for God — and by what name can Religion itself better define the Absolute? — The Good Will that works in Nature and in Man; Nature's Force, Energy, Life, Instinct, as well as Man's Desire, Passion, Intellect — the very Logic of universal being, and hence its creative or fatherly Providence; — compelling all things and thoughts towards its adult and benign aims; no less compellant by inward persuasions than by outward pressures.

The subtlest part of the book is that which attempts to untangle this very knot of fate and freedom, and which certainly loosens threads it may not altogether unsnarl. The application of philosophic principles to reforms of education, police, property, war, — the state, is less satisfactory, is in fact too off-hand for the careful groundwork that precedes it. It ought to have been reserved for distinct and more thorough discussion. All in all, *The Ethics of Progress* is a mental outing — a deep lung-full breath of God's fresh air. It gives a sense of the mountains and the sea, with a thrill of Fourth-of-July disposition to hurrah for the Universe, *Our Universe*.

Many beautiful passages tempt quotation, but two must suffice as glimpses of the author's general view:

"We should not dare if we could to get rid of the hazard and venture of life. It goes to make men of us; it goes to the zest and joy of life. It makes the tragedy; it makes also the beauty, the poetry, the music. There is no music without the earthbeat and rhythm. The process of continual adjustment through which life goes on civilizes us who obey the law of its motion.

"My point here is that this very swing and motion, the contrast and rhythm, are of the nature of a unity. They tell of no hostile powers. They mean a world where all things go at last into harmony. This is the modern man's most solid conception of faith, with regard, at least, to the world that he inhabits. He comes to be altogether a citizen in it; that is, he learns everywhere how to make himself at home, as if it belonged to him. Every new idea of knowledge makes him more intimately a citizen, a master, a fellow creator. The more intelligent we become, therefore, the less do we tend to fight against anything as hostile to us. The child may, indeed, strike out against the post or the stone over which he has fallen, as if it were his enemy, and seek to punish it. A furious Xerxes might order his men to whip the sea which had swallowed his ships. But we have come to study the grain of things, and we seek to go with the grain as far as we can and not against it. We do not propose to beat against the walls which hem us in. All the more surely we are able to say to the mountain, 'Be removed and be thou cast into the sea;' and the means lie at our hands, working with Nature, and not against her, to compass every reasonable desire."

"The work of the trained teacher is an excellent illustration of the new method of approach to the problem of evil. Moral evil is like ignorance, as it is largely the child of ignorance. Does the skilled teacher fight ignorance, and vent his scorn and hatred against his helpless and ignorant pupils? No success was ever achieved on the lines of antagonism. The good teacher simply lets genial light into ignorant minds; he wakes up the intelligence; he stirs the natural curiosity; he induces interest. He was ignorant once himself; he does not know very much now; he applies his patience and sympathy

to the dullest of his pupils, where sympathy is most needed. He finds what a child likes, and can do, and leads on and up, and builds away, by what they call the doctrine of apperception, from the known to the new and unknown. He does not take the ignorance of pupils too seriously, but regards much of it as a matter of course and smiles over it; he expects a modicum of inertia, of restlessness, of slowness to learn. He does not represent learning as a dreadful, difficult and impossible task, as the preachers of righteousness have too often exhibited the way of virtue. But he holds the way of wisdom to be good and beautiful and practicable, and behaves as if he thought so himself. This is good pedagogy. It is the only successful method of overcoming moral evil. The law is clear and simple. You overcome evil with good and with nothing else."

ROBERT A. HOLLAND.

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GEORGE BERNARD SHAW. By G. K. Chesterton. New York: John Lane Company.

The writer has not the least intention of writing a review of Chesterton's latest effusion for two simple reasons: the one, that he refuses to read the book through, the other, that he is not more than superficially interested in George Bernard Shaw. Chesterton's paradoxes — or to be Chestertonian — Chesterton's unparadoxical style is deserving of earnest attention when it is occupied with serious stuff, but to track out the intricacies of his paragraphs merely for the sake of a criticism of G. B. S. and his plays is more than the writer cares to do. It is best to leave to Mr. Shaw himself all critical comment upon this last exhibition of literary pyrotechnics, and, as a matter of fact, he has reviewed the book in question most delightfully. To the outsider, to one who sits up in the gallery and watches the literary gymnastics of these trapeze experts, there is but one possible opinion. Apart from their philosophical — if one may use so prosaic a word for their flights — rightness or wrongness, they seem to be delighting themselves and an ever amusable public with literary brainstorms. It is the old, old story of people enjoying nothing quite so much as being told something